

She's a Werewolf

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Summary: William accuses his middle school Science teacher of being a Werewolf much to Mulder's pride and Scully's chagrin. (Family AU)

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A/N**: This is my very first attempt at an X-Files fanfiction so please be nice. **

Disclaimer: I own Nothing, just obsessed!

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Edgewood Middle School

Washington D.C.

10.25am

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Mr Walker, Washington Middle School's history teacher was busy droning on from where he stood at the top of the classroom that was more than half full of sleepy looking ten and eleven year olds who didn't seem to be paying attention. Mr Walker continued on, only stopping to push his salt and pepper hair out of his face and to straighten his blue tweed jacket.

He seemed to think that the midnight ride of Paul Revere was the most interesting thing in the world. He was mapping out Revere's route on the chalkboard when a sharp noise broke the near silence in the classroom.

Suddenly, it started to buzz. William looked up. The loudspeaker

above the door cracked with static and proceeded to buzz. Then it started to quiver. It was coming to life!.

"William Mulder Scully!" the loudspeaker said. "Report to the principle's office immediately".

William groaned and slid down in his chair as the kids around him started to giggle, chirp and point, obviously finding their classmate's predicament very amusing. How did it know his name? It was only the very first week of middle school and his name was already coming out of that infernal box on the wall. He ruffled his dark brown hair in frustration and gave a quick glance around the class.

William got to his feet and made his way to the door, trying to appear as confident as possible. He couldn't and wouldn't show weakness during first week here or ever for that matter. He would just have to walk the walk and laugh it off if that's what meant surviving middle school. His best friend, Lee Doggett grabbed his arm as he reached for the handle of the door. "Keep it cool in there, Will. The principal is supposed to be a menace, you know, breathe and stuff".

William chuckled at his friend. "Hey, if I don't make it back. You can have my protractor".

Lee shook his head. "You're my best friend and all but you are such a weirdo sometimes."

"I know".

William's other friend Rebcecca nodded in his direction.

"You knew this was coming right, Bex"

"Of course".

Mr Walker coughed gruffly from the top end of the class. "You don't want to keep the principle waiting now, William".

Even though he was headed to the principle's office William was determined to leave with style, with his head held high. He flashed a grin to the class to let them know how calm he was but in the middle of what he had planned would have been the greatest classroom exit ever, the loudspeaker buzzed again. "And don't you dare stop in the toilets, young man". Now how did it know he would do that?.

William was halfway down the corridor when he started to panic slightly. It wasn't as if he didn't know what he was being called in for. He did, as did half of the kids in his grade for that matter. He tried to distract him self with the welcome back banners that were hung up around the narrow and winding corridor. No such luck, they were all bold and boring.

He paused briefly outside the science lab where one of the science teachers had hung a huge map of the solar system. Now that was cool!, all it needed were a few UFOs here and there and it would be perfect. It was a pity his own science teacher didn't accept that kind of stuff because if Werewolves were too much for her (as he had learned recently) then aliens were perhaps a step too far in the wrong

direction.

William ran down the rest of the corridor to make up for the time he lost by stopping. He half considered sliding down the banister like he did when he was in a rush at home but quickly decided against it. He was in enough trouble as it was, running would have to do (never mind the sign that says no running in the halls between classes for fear of accident). But he couldn't get into trouble for running in the corridors if the place he was running to was the principle's office, right?. When he got to the office, William took a deep breath. He looked up at the sign on the door. 'Principal Victor Proctor'. This was the one. He shoved the handle down.

â€|Flashbackâ€|

It was the very first day of middle school. So far it didn't seem all that different from Elementary School to William. It was just bigger with more classes and older kids. The school corridors (freshly painted for the new school year) were filled with the hustle and bustle of everyday school life. The sixth graders filed into the science lab to meet one of their many new teachers. Lee dug William lightly in the side. "This looks pretty cool, huh?". Will nodded excitedly. He knew loads about science already. From outer space that was full of cool alien stuff. That would surely come up when they learned about the solar system and what lived out there. He knew about all the crazy monsters and blood sucking vampires from listening to stories from both his parents and Lee's, to the gross awesomeness that was autopsies complete with all their full on guts and gore.

William and Lee took a seat at the top of the class next to a blonde haired girl who introduced herself as Rebecca Blackwell before informing the two boys that the teacher's name was Ms Adolf and that her older sister Alex Blackwell had told her that the previously mentioned science teacher was very strict, a no nonsense kind of person. William sighed, this might not be as fun as he had previously thought. This Adolf woman doesn't sound very open-minded but hey, she might surprise him. Couldn't she?.

Just then the door swung open to reveal a short and plump woman with tight but thick black hair, a sickly looking face, a dark uni-brow and an over-sized lab coat. She stalked up to the top of the room, taking her seat on a high stool before the class.

"Good Morning". She said. "My name is Ms Adolf and I will be your science teacher". She looked across the room her eyes almost glowing amber at the student in front of her. Something about those eyes made William feel uncomfortable, he knew those glowing eyes from somewhere. He just couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"Now" said Ms Adolf. "Today we will be learning about the wolf, it's character traits, habitat and preferred prey. Now, can any of you tell me anything about the wolf?". William put up his hand along with a few others in the class. Usually he wouldn't be too bothered and generally disinterested in being a teacher's pet but his mother had told him that it was important to give a good and respectful first impression to his teacher and besides he may not know lots about ordinary wolves but he knew plenty about Werewolves, a combination of the books his father had given him over the years, the story's he had heard and his time spent surfing the internet had surely seen to

that.

Ms Adolf pointed to William's hand. "Go ahead".

"Well, Miss". He said recalling the exact page of his book in perfect detail, pictures and all. "I don't know much about regular wolves but I know lots about Werewolves". The entire class went quite not sure whether to take William seriously or not, after a few seconds they decided tha. He ploughed on. "The trials for those accused of being a Werewolf started just after the trials for Witchcraft. People back then thought both were to do with worshipping the devil. The very first person convicted was Peter Stumpp. This was in the mid-sixteen century. Werewolves have distinctive characteristics when they are in human form, such as: Thick hair, Glowing eyes, a unibrow, hairy palms and they often have a fear of water. They areâ€|".

The teacher cut him off, stopping William in his tracks just as he started to get enthusiastic. "Fictional. There is no evidence of these creatures existence perhaps you watch too much Television, young man".

He shook his head. "No, Miss. Werewolves are very real. They're just regular people living among us. They could be anyone. They could be lawyers, carpenters, policemen, doctors, teachersâ€|".

William trailed off, noticing his teacher's physical traits for the first time. Thick hair. Unibrow. The amber eyes. In fact he was willing to bet that if she took off her gloves she would have hairy palms.

"You could be one!".

Ms Adolf's unibrow tightened and her forehead creased into a frown.

"How dare you make such accusations. There is quite a difference between reality and the fantasy world that is in movies and comic books that you seem to over-indulge in!".

He didn't even flinch. The whole class went deathly quite. In that moment you could hear a pin drop. The silence swallowing any kind of giggling whole. Lee face palmed, this wasn't going to end well for his friend. Rebecca rolled her eyes, watching William's expression as it dawned on him.

"Miss, can I see your hands".

The teacher rolled her eyes. "If it clears things up for you".

She took off her latex gloves, baring her were completely bare not a hair in sight. William dropped his head, his cheeks flushed in embarrassment. He sat back down.

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Several hours later

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Mulder switched the off button on the television. "Fifty seven

channels and nothin' on" he mumbled to himself because William was upstairs doing homework and Scully had left to go into the kitchen some time ago to answer the phone. Mulder followed his wife/partner's voice into the kitchen.

"Of course. Mulder and I will talk to William this eveningâ€|Yes, I'm very sorryâ€|okay,goodbye". Scully hung up the phone,sighing tiredly.

"What's up,Scully?" asked Mulder, throwing his arm around her waist.

"It was William's science teacher".

"What did she want".

"It seems William accused her of being a Werewolf. She wants us to block the Sci-Fi channel or something".

"That's my boy". Mulder exclaimed proudly thinking of their son.

"Mulder!". Scully scolded half-heartedly, elbowing her husband.

"Well, was he right".

"Mulder,there's no such thing as Werewolves".

"There could be!".

Scully rolled her eyes for what seem to be the billionth time in the last nineteen years,give or take."She just has slightly more hair than average and a strange taste in contact lenses".

Mulder grinned, taking her hand, leading her towards the stairs.
"Well,Scully. That's a mistake anyone could've made and William could still be right".

"We still have to talk to him about this, poopyhead". She smirked.

"We will, honeybunch". He answered laughing as they headed towards their son's room to hear his side of the story.

End
file.